

To buy a flobbry and a durty Farme
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.

Const. *Dieu de Batailles*, where haue they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in delpight, the Sunne looks pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sodden Water,
A Drench for sur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
Decoet their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Iyckles
Vpon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frostie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Native Lords.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainly say,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue
Their bodies to the Lust of English Youth,
To new-store France with Bastard Warriors.

Brit. They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schools,
And teach *Laoulas*' high, and swift *Carranto's*,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are most lostie Run-aways.

King. Where is *Montjoy* the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanson, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Iaques Chattillion, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
Beumont, *Grand Pree*, *Roussi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Lestrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloyes*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great flames:
Barre *Harry* England, that sweeps through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:
Rush on his Hoast, as dorth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleyes, whose low Vassall Seat,
The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhenwe vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prisoner.

Const. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March:
For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
Hee'll drop his heart into the sinck of feare,
And for archieument, offer vs his Ransome.

King. Therefore Lord Constable, haue on *Montjoy*,
And let him say to England, that we send,
To know what willing Ransome he will giue.
Prince *Dolphin*, you shall stay with vs in Roan.

Dolph. Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie.

King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs,
Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower
and Fluellen.*

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from
the Bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Seruices com-
mitted at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Agas-*

memon, and a man that I loue and honour with my soule,
and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and my liuing,
and my vttermoost power. He is not, God be prayd, and
blessed, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge
most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an au-
chient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very
conscience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and
hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see
him doe as gallant seruice.

Gower. What doe you call him?

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient *Pistoll*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Pistoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to doe me fauours: the
Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

Flu. I, I prayse God, and I haue merited some loue at
his hands.

Pist. *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and sound of heart,
and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddy
Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddesse blind, that
stands vpon the rolling restlesse Stone.

Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Pistoll*: Fortune is
painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie
to you, that Fortune is blinde; and shee is painted also
with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of
it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and mutable,
and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a
Spherical Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles
in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent descrip-
tion of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him:
for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must a be: a damned
death: let Gallows gape for Dogge, let Man goe free,
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate. But *Exeter*
hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price.
Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce;
and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for
his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient *Pistoll*, I doe partly vnderstand your
meaning.

Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce
at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire
the Duke to vte his good pleasure, and put him to execu-
tion; for discipline ought to be vsed.

Pist. Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figo* for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeite Rascall, I
remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.

Flu. Ile assure you, a vt'red as prauce words at the
Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very
well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you,
when time is serue.

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and
then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne
into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and such
fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and
they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done;
at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Com-
uoy: who came off brauely, who was shot, who dis-
grac'd, what termes the Enemy flood on: and this they
conne perfectly in the phrase of Warre; which they tricke

vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Ge-
neralls Cut, and a horrid Sute of the Campe, will doe a-
mong foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonder-
full to be thought on: but you must learne to know such
standers of the age, or else you may be maruellously mi-
stooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceiue
hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to
the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell
him my minde: hearken you, the King is comming, and I
must speake with him from the Pridge.

*Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his
poore Souldiers.*

Flu. God plesse your Maiestie.

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter
ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is
gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most prauce
passages: marry, th'athurserie was haue possession of
the Pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of
Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie,
the Duke is a prauce man.

King. What men haue you lost, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The perdition of th'athurserie hath bene very
great, reasonnable great: marry for my part, I thinke the
Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be exe-
cuted for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maie-
stie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes,
and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his
nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and
sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's
out.

King. Wee would haue all such offenders so cut off:
and we giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through
the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Vil-
lages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French
vbrayded or abused in disdainfull Language; for when
Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler
Gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountjoy.

Mountjoy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of
thee?

Mountjoy. My Masters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Mountjoy. Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry*
of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe:
Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him,
wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflew, but that wee
thought not good to bruiue an iniurie, till it were full
ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q, and our voyce is im-
periall: England shall repent his folly, see his weak-
nesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore con-
sider of his ransome, which must proportion the losses we
haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we
haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his petti-
nesse would bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is
too poore; for th'effusion of our blood, the Muster of his
Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his
owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worth-
lesse satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for
conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose con-
demnation is pronounc'd: So farre my King and Master,
so much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

Mount. Mountjoy.

King. Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee back,
And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now,
But could be willing to march on to Callice,
Without impeachment: for to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confesse so much
Vnto an enemy of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with sicknesse much enfeebl'd,
My numbers lessen'd: and those few I haue,
Almost no better then so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God,
That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France
Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent:
Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am;
My Ransome, is this frayle and worthless Trunke;
My Army, but a weak and sickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountjoy*.
Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe.
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred,
We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so *Mountjoy*, fare you well.
The summe of all our Answer is but this:
We would not seeke a Battaille as we are,
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliuer so: Thanks to your High-
nesse.

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the Riuer wee'll encampe our selues,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs,
Orleance, Dolphin, with others.*

Const. Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World:
would it were day.

Orleance. You haue an excellent Armour: but let my
Horse haue his due.

Const. It is the best Horse of Europe.

Orleance. Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Con-
stable, you talke of Horse and Armour?

Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any
Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change
my Horse with any that treads but on foure postures:
ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were
hayres: *le Cheual volante*, the Pegasus, *ches les narines de
feu*. When I bestyde him, I soare, I am a Hawke; he trots
the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the basest
horne of his hoofe, is more Musically then the Pipe of
Hermes.

Orleance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast
for *Persus*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Ele-
ments of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but on-
ly in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee
is indeede a Horse, and all other Iades, you may call
Beasts.

Const. In-